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Today, when little Belgium has almost ceased to exist, it is extraordinary that two such poets should still be speaking for her, to remind us that a nation is measured, not by geography, or even by military supremacy, but by the genius and heroic spirit of her greatest men. *A. F.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

A NEW SCHOOL OF POETRY

Replacing the outworn conventions of the I-am-bic school, we have now the I-am-it school of poetry. (NOTE: *Les I-am-its* are not to be confused with *Les I'm-a-gists,* who are already out-classed and *démodé.)* The following synopsis, telescoped from the new *Others* anthology, gives the salient features of the school:

I

I am Aladdin.
Wanting a thing, I have but to snap my fingers.
. . . . . .
Yes, yes, I believe you . . . . . .
I could not doubt. . . . .

Rob Carlton Brown

II I-KONS

I broke . . .
I named her . . . .

How can I serve!
How can I be kind or unkind!
. . . . . .

I shall pass over . . . these . . .
I shall crush them . . . .

I dislike men loving too many women . .
They are wrong . . . . I am right.

I will make new sounds
and new jumps and gestures . . .
. . . . . .

I will gobble up everything . . .

Skip Cannell

III SONG OF I GIRL

I am not afraid of my own heart
I am not afraid of what . . . . . .
I am not afraid . . . . .
. . . . . .
I am not afraid . . . . .

There are three of us (I's); the little girl (I) used to be; the girl (I-I) I am; the girl (I-I-I) I am going to be . . . .

Mary Cora Davies

IV

I am the possessor and the possessed.
I am of the unborn.
. . . . .

Am I then left . . .
Am I . . .
I who possess and am possessed
Am I . . . . . ?

F. Gregg

V HERMAPHROD-I-TIS

Behold me!
The perfect one!
Epitome of the universe!
The crystal sphere,—
. . . . . .

Behold me!
The perfect one!
The crystal sphere!
Reflecting perfect sex,

Reflecting perfect being,
Reflecting God!

A. Groff

VI

I seek my revenge in the stars—
The quiet knowing stars.
I seek my revenge . . . . .
. . . . . .

Let those who rule, rule.
They shall not rule *my* stars
Nor *me;*
For I am one with *my* stars.
. . . . . .

I laugh . . . .
I laugh . . . .
. . . . . .

And I laugh . . . . .

A. Hardpence

VII

It is not I . . .
No, it is not I. . . . . .

Alf. Kreymborg

VIII

I measure myself
Against a tall tree.
I find that I am much taller
For I reach right up to the sun,
With my eye;
And I . . . . .

W. Stevens

We regret to say the printer announces that there are no more I's in the font. *A. C. H.*